



They say when a Pegre,
 Wou'd Elephants win,
 To make e'm more eager,
 The female entices,
 With lustful devices,
 And wheedles 'em in.
 A Woman's r Pegre,
 And works by the arts I have told ye,
 But were we advised,
 They'd all be despised,
 And quickly grow mouldy.
 For tho' they are wary,
 and stoutly defend,
 They love not to tarry,
 But 'cause 'tis the fashion,
 They'l stifle their passion,
 And yeild in the end.
 For tho' they are wary,
 Yet try 'em a Sennight or more,
 If still they deny,
 And refuse to comply,
 I'me the Son of a Whore.
 Perfwade the young Pinny,
 that boils in his blood,
 To part with a Guinny,
 His amorous rage,
 He may quickly assuage,
 And 'twill do him much good.
 For ask the young Pinny
 The heat of whose passion is over,
 If he tells you his mind,
 He be hang'd if you find,
 Him sozealous a Lover.

Unhappy the wretch is,
 that's yok'd to a mate,
 His conscience he stretches,
 To tell you more Lies,
 Than old Argus had eyes,
 Of his blessed estate.
 Unhappy the wretch is,
 We warn'd by another man's harm,
 For the Boys in the Kiber,
 That chatter and shiber,
 Will tell you 'tis warm.
 A curse on those Poddies,
 Dull-rhining complaints,
 Who cringing their bodies,
 In all their caresles,
 And tedious addresses,
 Turn Women to Saints.
 A curse on such Poddies,
 By whom we in general suffer,
 But before i'le be rul'd,
 Any longer or fool'd
 By a woman, i'le huff her.
 Then females adieu t'ye,
 Your reign's at an end,
 A fig for your beauty,
 Your painting and patches,
 In hopes of good matches,
 In vain you may spend:
 Adieu silly Females,
 Go find out new arts to delude,
 But if you expose 'em,
 I faith i'le disclose 'em,
 And so I conclude.